“I am what I say I am *not*, I am *not* what I say I am. I am not to be what I say I *will*, I am to be what I say I *won't*.” The last three or so weeks have been whatever this is for me. Round and round it loops in my mind. I don't even know what it really means, or where I've lifted its inspiration from. I just know that it *is*, and that it's *me*. I just know that I *don't* know what I am. I am beginning to know that, perhaps, I am *not*. That I never was, and never will be. At least, not *me*.

I have always known *I* was different. *I* don't exist below the skin. I'll never find me deep within. It is hopeless to search for one like *I*. It is clear that *I* never was. It is clear that *I* was never. All that *I* am is all that I've done. *I* was built with clean hands, bare slates, and naked thoughts. I was manufactured to the tin. I am an easy toss to the bin. The world *I* am in is a constant spin. Out and in and out and in and out and in. *I* live as three, with *Myself* and *Me*.

Upon the *Ninth* face of the Moon, I come upon enlightenment. I claim it's light. This new Black Moon howls. The Three of *Me* fight and fight and fight. The first to three will win, and their reward, me. The first to three of this degree wins both the battle and the war. As in the aftermath, all in all, the victor grapples with the lore. The victor wields the *Nine of Me*, the light of all my nine degrees. With this the victor does decree, do what they must from within me.

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I wrote the previous passage in a drunken stupor, as the sun came rising on the average day in mid-June. Of course, the original text was not as clean (it was actually written on paper), but I thought I'd spare you the effort and just give you a clean version. Candidly, I will and must admit that I haven't the faintest clue or recollection of what I really wanted to say when I wrote this little thing.

Looking upon these words, I feel like reading Hegel again, for the very first time, except that Hegel actually knew what Hegel was saying. To put it simply, as I am reading what I wrote, I find it to be no different to the writings of some stranger, one that I am forced to create interpretations and insights for, rather than a familiar understanding you would expect from your own written word. Herein lies my sober minded self's understanding of this passage, with all that it may entail.

The poems of mine, namely "The Veil of Evil" and "Three Body Problem", immediately come to mind. It is clear that I have quite an unconventional way of visualizing and understanding my lived experience and my psyche. It is a sort of mythologized cosmological and allegorical way of looking at oneself. My poems are dense with symbols, because I view myself in that same symbolic method. To me, it is greatly paradoxically elucidating. To those around me who are not me, it is frustratingly obfuscating and obscuring. Yet the walls that keep others out of my kingdom do not exist. The path to the castle is merely much too treacherous for most to dare trod through.

There are distinct differences with my usage of first person pronouns. I have attempted to convey that through the italicization and capitalization of certain parts of the passage, yet I fear it still remains in need of elaboration. The majority of the time, really due to a practical need, these first person pronouns serve their usual, simple, semantic function. That is, they simply refer to my person. Now, in the more philosophical and/or poetic works (as in the passage above), they become something, linguistically, far more mythical and intentional.

I view my mind as three distinct entities, all occupying the same shared space. Two interlocutors endlessly commenting and debating, and one observer, never interjecting or interfering, merely deliberating. In general, there is an everpresent tension found within, pulling apart and pushing against one another at all times. Ultimately, I feel that what I actually and truly am is the Observer. I feel that the voices of the Interlocutors, those two stuck in their endless Dialogue, are parts of my psyche. It is worth mentioning that it does not always seem to be two voices, just two at one time. They take turns to engage in the Dialogue of my psyche. Perhaps then, this rotating cast of Interlocutors, are voices of my inner archetypes. Much to mull over about, this can be for another paper. Back to it, then.

My attempt at creating a textual and linguistic distinction between the Interlocutors and the Observer manifests in that same oddity with first person pronouns. There really is supposed to be a difference between *I*, *Myself*, and *Me*. To me, Number Nine (the title I have decided to give this thing, feeling a little bit Revolution Mine) seems like some sort of inner journey. It is unequivocally and wholly, completely, entirely, about me. No drop of doubt, no shred of suspicion.

And so, I get it now. Nine!

The number nine has always been my favourite number. It was three once, but three thrice is nine! It's only natural it took over the spot. It also has this nifty thing where if you multiply it with any number, the digits of the product sum up to nine. Seriously, try it! Though there are more reasons than just that, of course.

I see it in many places. Call it confirmation bias, but truly I do.

I've experienced great change lately. I always tend to, every several months. If I was to wager a guess, normally every nine months. As of writing Number Nine, the catalyst for said change was three weeks and three days prior, and I must have written it at around 3 AM. That makes a nine for time. It has three paragraphs, eighteen (three thrice, and then twice) lines of text. That makes a nine for space. Nine times that *I* was mentioned. That makes a nine for me.

Number nine, number nine, number nine…

It all ends with me. No seriously, each paragraph ends with "me". Of course, that is, all three. What looked like writing, wild and free, turned out as not what it seemed to be. I feel like Will Navidson, in my kind of House of Leaves. My very own House of Threes. A minotaur awaits within the centre, and I feel I must travel the labyrinth. I must confront the beast.

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There is a trend with the personal development I've gone through in my life so far. In the search for myself, I have completely killed me. For me to know what I am, I had to know what I am not. I had to know *that* I am not. The deeper into the labyrinth I travel, the less I know my way. The less I care to find my way. All at once I am the labyrinth, I am the minotaur trapped by the walls, I am the hero walking the halls. I am all of me. I don't *have* a self, I *am* my self. I am myself. Not a me that has, just a me that *is*. This birth of three, the forthcoming of *Me*, *Myself*, and *I*, ceases the mind of me to be. A Super Ego that won't tire. The Ego lost in burning fire. The Id lies unmoving by the Death of Desire.